

Finally Intertwined

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Finally Intertwined

by [sapnap](#)

Summary

Dream jokingly decides to come to the UK.

George couldn't be happier.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

i am not actually sapnap (or am i)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The day out with Wilbur had been fun. George and Will had shown Dream around to their favorite London locations, and the three ended the day with takeout dinner on the beach. However, as much as it would pain him to admit, Dream was kind of glad the day was coming to an end.

As cocky and arrogant as he portrays himself online and in front of his friends over calls, real life was a whole different story. He couldn't hide his every miniscule reaction, and had to worry about his body language and posture, not to mention the fact that neither of the people he was hanging out with had ever seen him before.

So when George suggested he and Dream return to his house to watch a movie and chill out, Dream was infinitely relieved. Don't get him wrong - Wilbur's a great guy - he just didn't know him like he did George, and Dream still felt like he was putting up some weird front when he interacted with Will.

The two began to part ways with Will, who acted cool and charming as always as he said his goodbyes. Dream watched in a silent, tiny awe at the confidence in Wilbur's every movement. When he languidly brushed his hair back, secured it under his beanie, and gave a playful smirk to tie it all together, it was like he knew Dream was paying attention to every detail. Not that he'd admit that, of course.

Finally, Wilbur turned to walk home, and George and Dream followed suit, falling into a comfortable silence as they made their way toward George's apartment. It wasn't really awkward, but it was the first time in Dream's whole UK trip that he really didn't know what to say. He figured it was best to just let the moment live itself out, and that forcing conversation would make it worse. George was never the type to need constant chatter, and neither was Dream. They talked when they needed, and when they wanted, and that's why they worked so well together. However, this walk was making Dream hyper-aware of how little he really had talked this trip. He's usually spitting out random sentences left and right when he talks with his friends online, why was he being so weird now that it was in real life? Maybe-

"So," Damn, could George hear what he was thinking? "What do you want to watch, when we get back?" The look the older gave up to him, as he turned his head only part of the way towards Dream and peered at him in a questioning manner, seemed to confirm the younger's suspicion. George could always tell when Dream was thinking too hard about something, and he supposed that doesn't change when he's right next to him. In fact, it's probably easier, now.

Dream let out a breath he didn't know he had been holding, and looked away from the prying eyes of his friend. "I dunno, George," Dream looked up towards the setting sun, like a kid looks at their mom when the doctor asks them a question, hoping it would answer for him. George waited patiently. "Maybe... something stupid, and funny, that I don't have to think about." George pondered this for a moment. Dream, taking his friend's silence to be an accusation of sorts, felt the need to explain himself. "Look, I'm tired, okay."

George met his eyes again, and smiled. “No, yeah, I get it.” He looked back off into the distance ahead of them, George’s building just coming into view. “I’m just trying to come up with something, I can’t think of any movies like that off the top of my head.”

An idea came to Dream, and he turned to George excitedly. “Have you ever seen Ferris Bueller?” He asked, playfully tugging his friend’s upper arm.

George looked down at where Dream’s hand met his skin, and then back to dream, chuckling. “No, I don’t think so,” (“Dude!”) “But I’ve always been meaning to! I hear it’s good.”

“Uh, yeah!” Dream shook his head. “Good? That movie is great. It’s been out for like forty years, I can’t believe you haven’t seen it.”

George scoffed at his friend’s accusations. “Well, sorry that a forty year old movie isn’t exactly relevant to my life anymore.”

Dream laughed. “Shut, up George.”

And just like that, the pensive atmosphere Dream was sure existed, had never even been there.

The two finally arrived at George’s building after some more playful banter and friendly shoves, careful not to go too far and accidentally send the other crashing to the pavement. It was nice to be able to so easily carry their friendship into the physical world, the constant screens between them a thing of the past.

However, with that being said, it was still a surprise to Dream when George linked their arms together after stepping into the elevator. Pushing each other around on a walk seemed like a long ways away from linking elbows on the lift. Dream tried to keep his quiet internal panic butterflies like they were - internal - as he looked down at George to detect any changes in his expression or demeanor. However, the older had simply pulled out his phone to browse twitter like this was nothing, scrolling through his timeline as nonchalantly as he had laced his arm through Dream’s. So, as any normal person would do, Dream thought, he would hide his panicking by mirroring his friend’s composure, and open up twitter. However, for this new act of a composed person he was putting on, something that was not in the script was the loud beep of the door, telling the two they'd arrived at George’s floor, and most definitely causing Dream to jump. He was expecting George to call him out, but the older just shook his head and smiled, stepping through the doors to pull Dream towards his apartment.

Once inside, the two settled down on George’s comfy sectional couch, deciding the best way to watch the movie was for Dream to log into his Amazon account, where he already owned the movie, on the TV.

Dream finally let himself really relax, stretching his legs out onto the ottoman in front of both boys, and letting out a necessary yawn. He let his arms fall to the back of the couch, unintentionally pulling that cheesy date move on his friend. He silently wondered if it made George freak out as much as their interlocked arms had done to Dream. He kind of hoped it did.

A while into the movie, George had gotten up to get them some snacks and drinks. While he was gone, Dream found himself getting gradually more tired, the stimulation of George’s presence no longer there to force him awake, and when he returned, Dream was too sleepy to eat anything the older had brought back. George still placed the items on the coffee table, however, and reclaimed his spot under his friend’s arm, snuggling in closer to the sleepy boy this time.

The movie played on, neither fully present enough to follow its plot, and by some boldness, Dream

found himself snaking his right hand up into his friend's hair, lightly playing with his locks and massaging his scalp. George's head lolled back toward his hand, so Dream took this as a green light to keep going, and continued gently pulling his hand through the strands.

After a few minutes of this, it seemed like the act of composure George was putting on was beginning to wear thin as well. Dream continued pulling at his hair, and George didn't have the heart to tell him that he just happened to guess the exact sort of affection George loved the most. Instead, George let his head roll into the space between Dream's face and shoulder, pressing his face into the soft skin of his neck.

This was... another action to completely throw Dream off his bearings. Not only did it completely fluster him, having George so close and in such an intimate position, it also complicated the angle his wrist was at for playing with for playing with his hair, so he decided to just stop the action completely.

This was not the action George was hoping for, the older letting out a small whine at the loss of contact, pulling his head up and away from Dream to make eye contact. He meant to glare at Dream in an accusatory manner, to say "Why'd you stop doing that, it felt nice," but when he met Dream's eyes, saw his expression of pure flusteredness, all coherent thought left his brain.

Dream was not a strong man. Sure, he was damn good at Minecraft, and at coding, and at the other things he'd poured his soul into hours of practice on, but when it came to this, to having his best friend in his arms, staring up at him as the TV illuminated the curve of his cheekbones, what else was he supposed to do besides whisper out, "George..." with all his voice he could muster? And what was he supposed to do when George said nothing in return, eyes simply trailing down to gaze at his lips, then slowly working their way back up to meet his again, other than lean in to meet the older halfway?

Their lips met for a brief moment, Dream's hand still resting at the back of George's neck where it had previously fallen, and George's right hand reaching up to cup Dream's face, just as the two broke apart.

George was the one looking extremely flustered, now, averting Dream's eyes as he looked down at the younger.

"I-

"We-

The two both started at the same time, George chuckling and dropping his hand away from his friend's face and turning again to face the TV. The movie was still playing, surprisingly.

Dream disregarded it and stared down at his friend. It was completely like George to want to avoid talking about big things or changes, but Dream could see in his features that something was going on inside his head as he blankly stared at the screen. Instead of pressing at it, like he normally would on a call, he decided to let it sit, and let the older sit with his thoughts for a moment.

Of course, George being George, not two minutes had passed before he decided that sitting a comfortable distance from Dream wasn't enough, and snaked his arms around his taller friend's middle, pulling him in closer.

Now it was time to pry. "So," Dream started, placing a stabilizing hand at the base of George's neck yet again, "That happened."

George just groaned and shoved his face into the crook of Dream's neck yet again in embarrassment.

Dream let out a light chuckle and moved to pull George's head up so he could face him. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong," George looked to the side, avoiding Dream's curious eyes. "I just... I can't believe you're real, and you're just here with me. It seems fake."

Dream watched as George's eyes met his, then carefully studied his features, moving over every curve and crease of his face, like he was memorizing it in case he never got to see it again. The younger moved his hand back into George's hair as they stared at each other, resuming his gentle movements. "Well," Dream started, lowering his gaze with a small smirk, "Then what do I need to do to make you believe?"

"This is," George's eyes rolled back as he leaned into Dream's touch yet again, letting out pleased noises at having his hair played with. "Ah, this is a good start."

Dream smiled as he watched his friend's face distort in pleasurable contentment. He never would have guessed that George was so fond of this type of contact.

After a few moments passed, Dream paused his ministrations yet again. "Well," he started, George reopening his eyes to meet his yet again, "I was thinking something more like..."

Dream used the hand laced through the older's hair to pull him up, and into a strong kiss. It was similar to their first, in its gentleness, but this time there was a newfound confidence in both parties. Dream used his other hand to wrap around George's waist and pull him to straddle the taller, while George bunched his fists in Dream's shirt to pull him impossibly closer.

Soon, the gentleness began to creep away, however, as both boys began to figure out what they liked and what the other liked. George deepened the kiss, biting the younger's lips and gaining entry to his mouth, the two panting every time they broke apart for air. Dream looked up at his friend's form, breathing heavy at his friend, who was struggling to compose himself, eyes screwed shut and cheeks burning pink. Dream let out a breathy whisper of, "Fuck," at the sight, completely enderaed by the older's features. He pulled George back in to meet his lips yet again.

Dream realized the power he had, having George's hair intertwined in his fingertips and the older boy having such an affection for the sensation. Every time Dream tugged on the older's hair, he'd let out a small moan into his mouth, and it was almost addicting.

Eventually, Dream snaked the arm around George's waist up and under his white t-shirt, feeling his sticky skin and pulling him in for a gentle hug, as they both took a minute to catch their breath.

George rested his head on Dream's shoulder, panting with cheeks redder than ever, and the younger in a similar situation, taking a long breath at the base of George's neck to breathe in his scent, and to relax.

The two breathed in sync for a minute or so.

George was the first to speak up.

"I'm so fucking glad you came to England."

Dream let out a breathy laugh, and pulled George closer. "Yeah, me too."

Chapter End Notes

i accidentally broke this fic earlier today (sept. 12) and deleted like half the comments and reorganized all the chapters.... i think it is fixed now!!!

i hope you enjoyed, please leave me a comment so i can gauge if you like it!!

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

George and Dream say goodbye, for now.

Chapter Notes

I KNOW I SAID THIS WAS GONNA BE A ONE SHOT BUT.. I COULDNT GET THIS OUT OF MY HEAD PLSS . HOPE YOU ENJOY <33

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Three days had passed so quickly.

I'm stupid, Dream thought to himself. Fucking stupid, I knew three days wouldn't be enough, fuck-

"Dream, shh,"

Had he said that out loud?

Dream lifted his head out of his hands, looking to George, who had placed a gentle hand on his shoulder. They had been waiting in the airport for what felt like hours, Dream's plane delayed indefinitely. The plastic seats were beginning to wear at Dream's comfort, and at his patience.

He chuckled, and swiped at his brow in embarrassment. "Sorry, did I say that out loud?"

George took Dream's hand in his smaller one. "It's okay," He unconsciously gave a few calming strokes over Dream's knuckles with his thumb, unclear if this action was more to calm Dream down, or himself. "It's not like we're never going to talk to each other again."

Dream pondered George's words. He was right, Dream knew, it was only a twelve hour flight back home, and then everything would be back to normal. How it was before Dream ever thought of coming to visit.

"George," Dream said, voice unintentionally breaking. "Things- I don't-"

George waved a hand at him, silencing him before he could get any thought out. "Dream. You're not allowed to cry. You know that every time you cry, I start crying."

"I-"

"Hey," George braced the younger with an arm on each shoulder. "I don't want to cry, Dream. Okay?" He smiles at the younger, trying to not let his efforts in holding himself together show through.

Dream chuckled and wiped at his eyes. "Okay, George, I won't make you cry. I promise."

The two sat back in their chairs, in a comfortable silence, quietly composing themselves. Of course, when they began planning this trip, they were nervous and scared of how things would go, if they'd be awkward or not. It never occurred to either of them that it would end up like this, the two practically clinging to each other until their very last second together.

"I'm really glad I came, George," Dream started, breaking the silence. "And thank you for being... such... a great host."

George shoved at Dream's arm. "Shut up, you're being weird."

Dream laughed out loud, patting on his chest to catch his breath. "No, no, but seriously, George, I had a great time," Dream turned to his friend, who was still staring off into the airport. He placed a finger under George's chin, turning his head to face him. "Really."

George smiled, blushing. "Really?"

"Yes, really." Dream's eyes moved around the older's face. "Do you need me to prove it to you again?" He smirked.

"No, I don't think I do," George harrumphed, turning away mockingly, as if he were a petulant child. Dream stared at him, and George's eyes met his again, pleading present within them. "But I still want you to."

Dream shook his head, smiling. He gently took George's chin in his hand, leading the older into a soft kiss. With their eyes closed, George could sense every detail of the younger, and it was precisely this that he was going to miss the most. The way Dream smelled like his Dior cologne from morning til night, the way he had tiny blonde stubble above his lip that you can't see but you can feel, the way he always holds George by the waist and his hands are so big they can almost fit the entire way around it. Even the way he's almost a head taller than George, and pulls him in close, tucking his head underneath his chin.

They finally broke apart, and Dream smiled sadly, staring at George's lips. They met each other's eyes. "I'm going to miss this," Dream whispered. "You. This." He emphasized, with an expressive wave of his hand.

As George breathed in to reply, a loud announcement was heard, signaling that it was time for Dream to board his plane.

They stood from their chairs, and George looked up to the board, then back to his friend.

"Dream--"

"George--"

They gaped at each other, and immediately burst into laughter.

"How do we," Dream's own giggling cut himself off. "How do we keep doing that?"

George smiled, wrapping his arms around the taller boy and hiding his face in Dream's neck.

Dream's laughter calmed and he smiled at the gesture. Before coming to visit, he would have never guessed that George was such a fan of physical affection. Although little did Dream know, George wasn't, and it was really only Dream he allowed to get this close. But Dream appreciated it regardless. He knew George was defensive of his height, but Dream liked how the older fit so perfectly into his embrace, where he could wrap his arms around him and keep him safe. Logically,

Dream knew that a hug wouldn't provide much extra security, but it still tickled the protective instincts programmed into his brain.

Dream could feel the older smile into his neck, causing the younger to smile as well.

"I like this." George spoke up.

Dream chuckled, smoothing a hand up and down George's back. "I like hugging you, too, George."

"Yeah but I mean... I like, this," George pulled himself out of the crook of Dream's neck to face the taller boy, still held there around the waist by Dream's arms. "I like how... I can just do this with you. And it doesn't bother me."

"Would it bother you if it was someone else?"

"Yes!" George hissed. "It always has. I've never been able to like, hug and be touchy with someone else in a public area. It was just weird, I don't know."

"That's cute, George."

George rolled his eyes at the cheesiness of the line, but wouldn't admit it made him blush a little. But he didn't need to admit it, as Dream saw it anyway, and was intent on making it worse.

"You're cute, George." The younger said smoothly, leaning in to punctuate it with a series of kisses along the older's jawline.

And make it worse he did. "Oh my god, Dream, seriously," George was cherry red, weakly grasping at the back of Dream's neck to try and pull him up. Both boys knew, though, that George was fully capable of stopping him at any point, if he really wanted to.

Dream finally stopped the onslaught, leaving only a few tiny love bites in his wake, and in the few moments after, it occurred to George yet again that Dream was supposed to be getting on the plane any moment. He looked down solemnly at the suitcase at Dream's feet.

"Oh, yeah, that." Dream sadly acknowledged, after following George's gaze. He looked to the impatient host standing at the gate. "I probably should leave soon, huh?"

George had known. He knew what he was doing driving Dream to the airport, he knew where Dream's plane was going, and he knew how long it would be before they were back together again. He had known all of that before this moment. But none of it had seemed real, like it would actually happen, before George was confronted with those words from Dream's mouth. A normal response would have been to say "Yes, it does appear that way," or "Yes, I'll miss you," or even just a simple "Yes," but when George felt tears welling up in his eyes, he knew that normal was out of the question.

He wrapped his arms around his friend yet again, burying his face in the younger's face as the tears fell. He wanted to give Dream a real response, something meaningful, but he couldn't get anything out, instead spewing lots of tiny, "I'm sorry, Dream, I'm really sorry..."

Dream was shocked by this. He had no idea what George was even apologizing for.

"Hey, hey," Dream placed his hands carefully on George's shoulders, pulling him out of the embrace to face him. "Don't apologize, don't... I don't even know what you could possibly mean by that, George," The older sniffled. "I'm serious. You have absolutely nothing to be sorry for. Ever since I met you, it's been absolutely great, and this whole trip is no different. You let me stay

in your house, George, you didn't have to do that." He smiled at George, leaning in to kiss his tears away. "Seriously. Don't say sorry. I love you. I don't want to see you like this, ever, George." He pulled George back into a hug. "It makes me sad. And if I'm not allowed to cry because you'll cry, it should work the other way around, right?"

George giggled at this, sniffing. "Yeah, I guess."

"Okay, good."

George pulled back, and leaned up to place a small kiss on Dream's lips. "I'm really going to miss you, Dream."

"I know. I'm going to miss you, too."

"I love you."

"I love you, too."

Chapter End Notes

wtf 500 kudos in like what a week,,,,,,,,, wtf omfg <3

i love you guys and im currently working on a dnf crime/bounty hunter au soooOOOO
if u want that.. it is in the works. dream is hot in it

also if enough ppl want me to add on to this work im not against writing a third
chapter?!!!!!!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The weeks since Dream's trip to the UK had passed quickly with their SMP flourishing, Dream gaining millions of subscribers with finesse, and new friends being made all around, yet there was something that just felt off to Dream. He couldn't place it. No matter how long he pondered, how much he talked about it in a discord call with George and Sapnap, he could never hit the nail right on the head.

Sure, he missed George. That was a given. The time the two had spent together had felt like nothing Dream had ever experienced before in his life; full of love and passion, undoubtedly reciprocated through touch and talk. But Dream felt it was more than that, and he started to suspect as much as he analyzed his life at home.

Dream lived alone. He had siblings and parents, but had bought a house for himself as soon as he could afford it, so as to relieve some financial burden on his parents. But in his large, modern Florida home, with its echoey walls and hardwood floors, he was hyperaware of the lack of human interaction he experienced on a day-to-day basis. It began gnawing at his brain the second he returned home. Sure, he could call George and Sapnap for hours at a time, talking and laughing, recording videos and streaming, but as soon as he shut down his computer he was faced with his own reflection in the black screen, and all at once it wasn't enough, anymore.

A few days ticked by where he wouldn't talk to either of his friends at all. If he didn't interact with them in the first place, it was much easier to ignore the grinding loneliness he felt whenever they hung up the call. They'd still send him messages, asking where and how he was, but it was easy to ignore those, or give a half-assed excuse.

After a week of this, they stopped asking. They didn't call him. They figured it best to leave him alone, that that's what he wanted, but he didn't know that. He didn't even know what he did want.

Dream was finally, really alone.

One night, he found himself laying on his back, staring up at his ceiling, embraced by the memory foam of his king-sized bed. The silence in his room was broken only when his phone started buzzing beside his head. On muscle memory alone, he picked it up and answered it.

"Yeah?"

There was a beat of silence before George's breathy laugh could be heard through the phone. "Oh, my god, he's alive!"

Dream smiled. As his ears were filled with the sound of George's giggle, he wondered why he was ever worried in the first place. "Y-yeah. I'm alive." He smiled, though he knew George couldn't see it. He hoped he could hear it in his voice.

They sat there for a long moment, just breathing with each other through the phone, before George spoke up. "I missed you."

Relief he didn't know he needed flooded through Dream. It was like those three words were the key that unlocked his loneliness, letting it run far away. A tear came to his eye as he repeated George's words back to him, "I missed you," unable to think of anything more meaningful than

that in his state.

George could sense that Dream was acting a bit off, and the air between them grew a bit tense and awkward when neither of them immediately continued the conversation. “So, um,” George started. Dream imagined him scratching at his neck. “I don’t really know-”

“George, please,” Dream exhaled, knowing there was no easy way to dissolve the tension. He opted for the best route he could think of. After a beat of silence, he continued. “Can you please tell me about your day, in every excruciatingly nitpicky detail?”

George was caught off guard by the request. Just a minute ago, Dream seemed like he was about to start crying, and now he wanted small talk? He waited a moment, before asking a simple, “Why?”

Dream smiled again, a real one, a wide toothy grin, and flopped his head cutely to the side as he registered his friend’s shy question. “I just want you to talk, want to listen to your voice.”

So George talked, and Dream listened.

The words blanketed him, and Dream fell asleep feeling warm and loved for the first time in a long and lonely while.

Chapter End Notes

if you saw me accidentally post 3 words of the fourth chapter, not realize for 6 hours,
panic and then delete the WRONG CHAPTER (THIS ONE) for another few hours
NO YOU DIDNT

chapter 4 will be up when i recover from my shame

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!